

That "GARDEN FRESHNESS" of
the genuine

"SALADA"

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once—try same today. **At your grocer.**

The Prayer of Childhood

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

What memories these words awaken—the childish prayer learned at mother's knee. Simple! Yes, but it has kept your heart warm all these years. It has made you better men and better women. You may have won fame and fortune, but you would give it all to be a child again and once more kneel by mother's knee.

The ambulance stopped and the stretcher bearers carried a badly wounded Canadian into the field hospital. A surgeon bent over him, and then turning to the Chaplain said: "You better talk to him. He won't live more than ten minutes."

The Chaplain went to the bedside of the dying soldier and asked if there was anything he could do for him. The wounded man promptly answered "No." But you won't live long," said the Chaplain.

"That does not matter," came the reply. And then a smile crept into his eyes as he said: "I am not afraid to die. This is the first decent thing I have done in thirty years."

The Chaplain asked if he should pray for him, to which came the reply: "I can pray for myself." Then he began:—

"Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep. If I should die before I wake"—and he was gone.

A writer who has been close to hundreds of dying soldiers says he has never found one who was afraid to die. They all count it a great thing to give their lives for their country, and 90 per cent. of the men he has seen die and who pray at all, pray the simple prayer of their childhood: "Now I lay me down to sleep."

The soldiers believe in a mystical religion. They do not want advice as to what they should do. They say they know what to do—what they want is to get some power so they can do it. They do not want to be constantly told to keep away from bad surroundings. They all know that. They do not care for such hymns as "Onward, Christian Soldiers," they are sick of singing about war—although they are eager to fight—they prefer devotional music. They do not want sermons on war. They want addresses which will lift them out of their surroundings and bring them closer to God.

The soldiers are learning a lot about things that count and high in the list of these worth-while things are the teachings of mother. Major Gauthrie, a Chaplain with the Canadian volunteers, says that scores of men are being made over through memories of the things learned at mother's knee.—"Coast Advertiser."

Rev. Percy Dearmer, D.D., a well-known London clergyman, gave two lectures at the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Mass., on November 1st and 2nd, respectively.

UNUSUAL — — NO INCREASE IN RATES!

War conditions have hit publishers just as hard as other industries. Paper, Printing, Labor and overhead expenses have all increased greatly. For the past two years the *Canadian Churchman* has faced these conditions *without increasing the subscription rates.*

Will you help us to maintain the \$1.50 rate?

If all subscribers in arrears would remit promptly they would help us to save time, labor and money in sending out unnecessary notices.

As soon as you finish reading this notice, please look at the expiry date appearing on the small address label on your paper; if you are in arrears, send in your remittance promptly.

LEST YOU FORGET

The Canadian Churchman, Ltd.

613 Continental Life Bldg., Toronto

No-Colour Line Here

IN a passenger-coach of a Southern train the other day was espied a veteran of Pershing's army. Upon an empty sleeve were two six months' foreign service stripes and a wound chevron, and on his breast a medal of honour. Ordinarily it would seem as if one who had sacrificed as much for his country and democracy would be certain of all courtesy and friendliness from every fellow-citizen he met. But as he sat there the conductor of the train came to him and touching his worn uniform said: "You're in the wrong coach. You b'long in the Jim Crow car. Get out of here." The negro looked him steadily in the eyes. "I'll stay right here," he said firmly. "You could have talked to me that way once, but you can't now!" and he pointed to his empty sleeve. "All right," said the conductor, "I'll soon fix you." Whereupon he called a burly brakeman and they were about to throw this one-armed veteran out of the car when the gorge of the Southern men who witnessed this humiliating scene rose, the train hands were ordered to desist, and Pershing's veteran rode on in peace, the sole coloured man in a carload of whites. "Oh, very well," said the conductor, just before he slammed the door. "That's just like you white folks. First you make the laws and then you break them." There are a good many laws that ought to be broken nowadays, which affect the coloured people. After the 150,000 coloured men now in France return from their glorious share in Pershing's victory, shall we continue to Jim Crow them, disfranchise them and remind them that though they may be good enough to fight for Uncle Sam they are still to be despised at home?—"The Nation."

FALLING LEAVES.

When walking through the avenues and streets of our city the last few days I notice the leaves from the trees, fluttering down with every gust of wind, lightly or in showers, in all their glorious colours. How different from the tender beauty of their first spring appearance!

And while musing on this, my thoughts rise to the Creator of all things, and my heart thanks God for our falling leaves, too.

With what pride we, too, take on, in the springtimes of life, our new tender leaves of hope, work, our new pleasures, fresh gains in wealth and love of life! How dearly and closely we cling to these new ambitions, these daily joys and cares, these tender leaves in all their first freshness!

But there comes a time when the winds arise, taking our leaves in ones and twos, leaving bare spaces where they were, and as they fall, quicker and quicker, we stand dismayed. Must we let them go?

Oh, can we not see that, just as the trees lose their leaves in order to be strong, to bear the weight of the coming snow, so must we, too, let our leaves go, for they have filled their purpose, so that we stand, clean and ready to bear our share of the work God has waiting for us.

If we persist in keeping these treasures of the past around us, we shall, like the leaf-laden tree, break under the weight of the snow.

God grant that we may let these treasured leaves go, cheerfully, willingly, so that when His call comes for the burdens of winter, we are ready and free for His service!

'Tis not in our treasures of the past we should glory, but in our humble future service for God and His Kingdom.

G. M.

Victory Bonds, Canada's Best Investment.

Boys and Girls

SUCH PIES AS MOTHER
NEVER MADE.

What pies are very conducive to sleepiness?—poppies.

What pies were considered very annoying in olden times—Harpies.

What pies do schoolboys usually dislike?—Copies.

What pies considered themselves quite swell?—Chappies.

What pies might bite you?—Puppies.

What pies might we sit under—Canopies.

What pies are noisy and mischievous?—Magpies.

What pies prance around the water?—Kelpies.

What pies are placed on the table but never eaten?—Nappies.

TRUSTWORTHY.

"You will be careful of it? There is a cheque inside, said Robert's mother as she handed to her son the letter she had just sealed.

"I'll take it right to the post-office and mail it before I do the other errands," the boy responded and went his way.

As the door closed behind him, Aunt Mary, on a visit from a distant State, shook her head dubiously. "I wouldn't trust the best boy living with such a letter as that," she declared, grimly.

Mother smiled serenely. "Perhaps you would if you had already trusted him many times and found him trustworthy every single time," she said.

This reply tells the secret of how to win such high praise.

A BURIAL-PLACE OF MONSTERS.

"Every boy and girl who has visited a great museum has stood awestruck, no doubt, in front of the skeleton of a dinosaur or some other monster that lived thousands of years ago, long before there were any men on the earth.

"The United States Government has assumed control of the greatest burial-place of these monsters ever discovered. This strange district is located in eastern Utah, and will be known as the Dinosaur National Monument, which means that the Government will control it as a public park, and that none of the valuable deposits of bones can be carried away by fossil-hunters without the permission of the authorities. In this way only the great museums will get the fossils for restoration purposes, and the patient scientists who work for these institutions will be assisted in piecing together a complete record of the animal life which teemed on the earth when this great burying-ground was formed.

"Some think that the carcasses of these giants, dead from some unknown cause, floated down a prehistoric river and became lodged on a sand-bar, becoming gradually covered with sand to a great depth. Then, in after ages, came some mighty upheaval which made the present Rocky Mountain range, of which the Uintahs are a part. The sand-bar became a mountain-top, and, with the passing of years—thousands, and no doubt millions of them (no one knows how many) the bones of the monsters became surrounded with their present covering of sandstone. Here, in the heart of the rock, they were buried until the keen-eyed scientist started the search which uncovered the most wonderful of all these strange fossil quarries."—Arthur Chapman, in St. Nicholas.

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